

The History of

Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,
And shewde thou makest some tender of my life
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prin. O God they did me too much iniurie,
That euer said, I harkened to your death:
If it were so, I might haue let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas ouer you,
Which would haue beene as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous potions in the world
And saunde the trecherous labour of your sonne.

Kin. Make vp to Clifton, ile to S. Nicholas Gawsfey. *Exit K.*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

Prin. Thou speakest, as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Prin. Why then I see a very valiant rebell of that name,
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not Percy
To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keepe not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double raigne
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Now shall it Harry, for the howre is come,
To end the one of vs, and would to God
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

Prin. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee
And all the budding honours on thy crest,
Ile crop to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight. Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Well said Hal, to it Hal. Nay, you shall find no boyes
play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas, he fighteth with Falstaffe, he falls
downe, as if he were dead, the prince
killeth Percy.*

Hot. Oh Harry, thou hast robd me of my youth
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud titles thou hast won of me,

They

Henry the fourth.

They wound my thoughts, worse then thy sword my flesh
But thought's the slaue of life, and life times foole,
And time that takes suruay of all the world,
Must haue a stop. O, I could prophesie
But that the earth, and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no Percy, thou'art dust
And food for

Prin. For wormes, braue Percy. Fare thee well, great heart,
Ill weau'd ambition, how much art thou shrunke?
When that this body did containe a spirit
A kingdome for it was too small a bound,
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is roome enough: this earth that beares the dead,
Beares not aliue so stout a Gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of curtesie
I should not make so great a shew of zeale:
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe, ile thanke my selfe,
For doing these faire rites of tendernes,
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen.
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembered in thy Epitaph.

He spieth Falstaffe on the ground.

What, old acquaintance, could not all this flesh
Keepe in a little life? poore Iacke farewell,
I could haue better sparde a better man,
O, I should haue a heauy misse of thee
If I were much in loue with vanity,
Death hath not strooke so faire a Deere to day
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray
Imbowelde will I see thee by and by
Till then in bloud by noble Percy lie.

Falstaffe riseth vp.

Fal. Imboweld? if thou imbowel me to day, ile giue you leaue
to powdec me, and eate me too to morrow, Zblood, twas time
to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and
lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die is to bee a
counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a mā, who hath not
the

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